



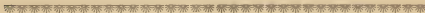




DEDICATION.

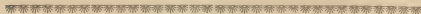


This book we dedicate to Adam and Eve, from whom we received life and intellect and who therefore form an essential link in the chain which made the publication of the '05 Annual possible. We sincerely trust that this mark of filial love and devotion will please them wherever they may be.





We heartily endorse and recommend to you those merchants who have advertised in this Annual and by whose aid we have been enabled to publish this book.



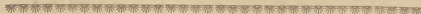
This Annual was printed by....

THE VIDETTE

The paper that prints ALL the news and is read by more people than any other paper in Porter county.



A modern job plant in connection.



STYLISH YOUNG MEN

You young men who care for Style and Quality in clothes will find the Hart, Schaffner & Marx suits the thing you are looking for.

You'll get the Quality and Style that not only looks well when you first get them but afterwards when you have worn them awhile.

They are tailored right.

We show the Varsity, single and double breasted.

The Ryton & Paletot overcoats are right.

. . . LOWENSTINE'S DEPARTMENT STORE . . .



Copyright 1904 by
Hart Schaffner & Marx

When You Buy a Piano

Why Not Get a Good One?

Invest in a Standard Make

Then you will get your money's worth. Among the leading pianos of the world you will find the A. B. Chase, the Krueger, the Ficher, the Hallet-Davis and the Kimball. Any of these pianos may be purchased right here at home, at a reasonable price of...

PROF. R. W. CADWELL.
RESIDENCE 403 INDIANA AVENUE.

SNYDER'S PHOTOS PLEASE OTHERS



THEY WILL PLEASE YOU



PHONE 564.

17 E. MAIN STREET.

THE BEST LAMP ON EARTH
WELSBACH GAS LAMP
 COMPLETE \$1.00.



Highest

Candle

Power

Consumes Less Gas

than Any Other Made.

Heineman & Sievers
 SOLE AGENTS.

..AS SPRING IS HERE..

and people are trying to beautify their
 homes the question arises:

When shall we buy our Furniture?

Now as our new spring goods are all
 here. I know I can suit any one who
 should need anything in my line. I
 also know that my furniture is the
 best in town, and the best of all the
 price is made to suit the people. I in-
 vite the inspection of all before buy-
 ing elsewhere.

C. W. Bartholomew,

FURNITURE AND UNDERTAKING

STORE PHONE 301.

RES. PHONE 311.

Men are Dressed in Style

when they wear a Kuppenheimer suit, a Knox hat, and a pair of Nelson Custom fit shoes at \$3.50 and \$4 each per pair.



. . . Ladies Shoes . . .

The Three important points to be considered: First, Comfort, Second, Style, Third, Durability. "Soros and you have them all." Price \$3.50.

Specht-Finney-Skinner Co.

"THE BEST."

..Get Busy and Try Our..

**CANDIES SODAS
AND SUNDAES....**

THE BEST EVER

Boston Confectionery

**S. C. BILLINGS,
Butternut & Mamma Bread.**

**Stinchfield & Peters,
FURNITURE AND..
..UNDERTAKING
160 and 162 Main Street.**

Carr & Starr

GROCERS

AND

BAKERS.

Opposite Hotel LaFayette

J. W. SIEB,

PROPRIETOR

Star Meat Market



"HIGH GRADE BRAINS RECOGNIZE HIGH GRADE GOODS"

I would rather make my announcement through the columns of the High School Annual than any other medium.

FIRST:—Because parents who take enough interest in their boys and girls to send them through High School are a desirable class of people to cater to.

Young men and women who have gumption enough to get a High School education, as a general rule, possess High Grade Brains and can readily recognize High Grade Goods.

SECOND:—People in general who read the High School Annual show that they take an interest in educational affairs, which is the most essential factor for the welfare of any community and thus show themselves to be desirable citizens.

THIRD:—If I can successfully cater to and please this class of people and their friends, I feel confident that I shall have no trouble to satisfy the public at large.

Now a word about my Famous "Crushed Fruit" Ice Cream Sodas and Sundaes. I make them just as good as I know how, using nothing but high grade material assisted by many years of valuable experience.

I made good Ice Cream Sodas and Sundaes several years ago, but I can make them much better now. My increased patronage well shows that my efforts are appreciated, which is very gratifying and which cannot help but stimulate me to continue to improve the quality of my goods, increase my facilities, and better my service, and in every other way conduct my business to the best possible advantage for the benefit and comfort of my friends and patrons.



CALENDAR

OF

COMMENCEMENT WEEK, MAY, 1905.

Sunday, May 21st.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON, PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH,
By Rev. C. B. Beckes.

Thursday, May 25th.

CLASS PLAY, "THE NEW HAMLET"
(See page 10) MEMORIAL OPERA HOUSE.

Friday, May 26th.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES, MEMORIAL
OPERA HOUSE.

Saturday, May 27th.

ALUMNI BANQUET, CENTRAL SCHOOL.

Monday, May 29th.

JUNIOR RECEPTION TO GRADUATES, CEN-
TRAL SCHOOL.

PROGRAM.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

FRIDAY, MAY 26TH, 1905, 8 P. M.

MEMORIAL OPERA HOUSE.

- | | | | | | | |
|------------------------------|------------------------|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1. Selection, | - | - | - | - | - | - |
| | ORCHESTRA | | | | | |
| 2. Invocation, | - | - | - | - | - | - |
| | REV. J. H. O. SMITH | | | | | |
| 3. Selection, | - | - | - | - | - | - |
| | ORCHESTRA | | | | | |
| 4. Address, | - | - | - | - | - | - |
| | DR. SAMUEL FALLOWS | | | | | |
| 5. Selection, | - | - | - | - | - | - |
| | ORCHESTRA | | | | | |
| 6. Presentation of Diplomas, | - | - | - | - | - | - |
| | PROF. W. H. BANTA | | | | | |
| 7. Benediction, | - | - | - | - | - | - |
| | REV. H. B. BENNINGHOFF | | | | | |

The New Hamlet.



Intermixed and Interwoven with a Revised Version of Romeo and Juliet, Modernized Under the
Light of Higher Criticism.— By William Hawley Smith and Family- Farmers.

(Intermixed and Interwoven with a revised version of Romeo and Juliet, modernized under the light of higher criticism by William Hawley Smith and family, farmers.)

FOREWORD.

In deference to truth, it should be stated at the outset that Bacon did not write this play. All the signs indicate this fact. There is no need of going into detail. Bacon is not located as far back as—"de-tail."

However, let not the composition be despised, if it should be shown that it is not the product of a sugar-cured author. It may turn out that it had an origin higher even than that.

For, see: That which makes bacon is greater than the bacon it makes, and hence is greater than anything that the bacon it has made can make. This play was made by farmers. Farmers make bacon; and hence, even if their product had produced the play, by the stern laws of logic it could not have been as good as it is now. *Quod erat demonstrandum.*

These facts establish the pedigree of our play beyond all chance of illegitimacy. It can, therefore, be admitted into the society of the "400" without fear of contamination or contagion. It will not soil the slightest intellect, and is guaranteed to be non-irritating and unthinkable.

Furthermore, it can be administered without the least knowledge on the part of the recipient, a quality which shows that it is in harmony with nearly all of the most

modern plays, and so gives it the right to rank with them among the first.

THE AUTHORS.

PROLOGUE.

Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show,
But wonder on till truth makes all things plain;
We're not a-going to tell a tale of woe,
Of awful tragedy, of death and pain.
When Shakespeare wrote those double grewsome plays
Of Hamlet, Romeo and Juliet,
He wrote of things well suited to those days,
But not to times like ours to-day, you bet!
He made both outfits quarrel, slay and slug,
And play to hard luck in a score of ways,
Till all were dead, by dagger, sword or drug,
And none were left to hold their obsequies.
But Modern Thought declares these things all wrong,
There is no need of such a waste of lives;
Both men it would have marry and live long,
Both women make the happiest of wives.
To bring these things about two mothers plan,
Two wise old mothers, stronger far than Fate.
See them get in their work, as mothers can,
And bring these lovers strictly up to date.
The which, if you with patient ear attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

The Queen,	-	-	-	-	Bessie Clifford
Landy Montague,	-	-	-	-	Kathryn Lederer
Hamlet,	-	-	-	-	Eugene Eaton
Ophelia,	-	-	-	-	Abble Duggan
Romeo,	-	-	-	-	Cleve Stalbaum
Juliet,	-	-	-	-	Ada Roessler



SYNOPSIS OF SCENES.

ACT 1.

Scene 1. Elsinore. A room in the castle. Hamlet is persuaded by the Queen to go to Verona for a visit.

Scene 2. Verona—a garden near the castle. Romeo and Juliet are interrupted in their love-making by Lady Montague who sends her son off to Elsinore to repair his fortune.

ACT II.—A Few Weeks Later.

Scene 1. Verona—a room in the palace. The Queen welcomes Hamlet to Verona.

Scene 2. Elsinore—a room in the castle. Romeo sells stock in the White Gold Mine to the Queen.

ACT III.

Scene 1. Verona—a road. Hamlet makes love to Juliet.

Scene 2. Elsinore—a room in the palace. Romeo transfers his affections to Ophelia.

ACT IV —Some Years Later.

Scene 1. Elsinore—a room in the castle. Romeo plans Hamlet's return to Denmark.

ACT V.

Scene 1. Elsinore—a room in the castle.

Scene 2. Elsinore—a room in the castle. Hamlet is made King of Denmark.

SENTIMENTS OF THE CLASS OF 1905.

I.

Jest es like es not some day,
 Things'll start to come our way
 Don't no two folks think alike
 Where the lightn'n's goin' to strike.
 S'pose we ain't so fond of learnin'
 S'pose we sometimes do some shirkin'
 Some day luck'll strike us hot
 Jest es like es not.

II.

Jest es like es not some day
 We'll wake up to hear folks say:
 "Always knowed you had it in you,
 Though we've often talked agin you."
 Then we'll quietly remark:
 "Dogs that bite don't always bark."
 Then we'll show'em jest what's what.
 Jest es like es not.

III.

Jest es like es not some day,—
 Course we don't jest know the way,
 Fer no feller knows, we reckon,
 Jest when luck is goin' to beckon
 Still, some day, we'll fool 'em all;
 Might be spring time, might be fall,
 But we'll be right on the spot.
 Jest es like es not.

"THE THREE GREAT FACTORS OF LIFE."

ADA ROESSLER.

SECOND PRIZE ORATION.

There is no poem in the world like a man's life; for real life, even the most common-place, is strong-featured, if we look at it attentively. No poet would so dare to mingle sweetness and strangeness, simplicity and peculiarity, sublimity and pathos, as real life mingles them together. Nature resorts to a thousand expedients to develop a perfect type of her grandest creation—man. To aid her in this, she has three wonderful factors—heredity, environment and will.

When a piece of coal is thrown into the fire, we say that it will radiate a certain amount of heat; this heat is usually supposed to reside in the coal, and to be set free during the process of combustion. In reality, however, the heat energy is only in part contained in the coal. It is also contained in the coal's environment; that is, in the oxygen of the air. The coal alone could never produce the heat, nor could the environment; the two must meet, must be combined. In the organism, or man, lies the principle of life, in the environment are the conditions of life. The one cannot exist independent of the other.

Down to the last detail, the world is made for what is in it; and by whatever process things are as they are, all organisms find in nature the complement of themselves. Man finds in his environment provision for all capacities, scope for the exercise of every faculty, room for the indulgence of each appetite and a just supply for every want. We bring into this world with us different gifts; one receives gold, another granite, a third marble, most of us

wood or clay. What heredity bestows is determined outside of ourselves. No man can select his own parents, but every one can, to some extent, choose his environment, and so great is his control over it that he can so direct it as to either undo or modify the earlier heredity influences. It has been well said that "from the same material one man builds palaces, another hovels—brick and mortar will be brick and mortar until the architect makes them into something else." "It is in ourselves that we are thus or thus," says Iago. "Our bodies are our gardens, to which our wills are gardeners." So we may plant nettles or roses; supply it with one kind of herbs or distract it with many; either to have it barren with idleness or fertilized with industry. The power and authority of all this lies in our will.

Heredity bestows, environment encourages or discourages, but will perseveres and accomplishes. The musical talent of his father gave to Milton the genius for music in verse; the influence of refinement and culture thrown about him in youth developed the genius; but the Puritan determination of the man made him one of the grandest poets.

Lord Byron inherited from both parents a "blood all meridian;" on one side rich in the enjoyment of luxury and pleasure, on the other side tingling with vehement irritability. Never was a poet born to so much illustrious and, at the same time, to so much bad blood. His mind was cast in a dark and moody mold, and he believed himself predestined to misfortune. Being at war with himself,

he was torn between an element of perversity and injured pride, and his exquisite susceptibilities together with the noble influences native to his soul. With such a temperament it is not strange that at times he thought

"Too long and darkly, till his brain became,
In its own eddy boiling and o'er wrought,
A whirling gulf of phantasy and flame."

With all his endowments, Byron lacked the one controlling power—will—by which he might have become a pure intelligence, a serene and joyous force.

The poverty of his parents made it necessary for Shakespeare, at an early age, to help support the family. Little or nothing is known of how or when he received his education. He learned his best lessons from the school of adversity. Goethe once said of him: "Shakespeare always hits the right nail on the head at once; but I have to stop and think which is the right nail before I hit." He was the man who could seize common occasions and make them great. He worked everything into his plays. He ground up the king and his vassal, the fool and his top, the prince and the peasant, the simple and the profound, honor and dishonor—everything within the sweep of his vision he ground up into paint and spread it upon his mighty canvas. Will and determination made him the chief literary glory of England.

"You will be what you will to be;
Let failure find its false content
In that poor word 'environment,'
But Spirit scorns it and is free.

The mighty Will, that force unseen,
That offspring of a deathless soul,
Can hew the way to any goal.
Though walls of granite intervene.

The river seeking for the sea
Confronts the dam and precipice,
Yet knows it cannot fall or miss:
You will be what you will to be."

SHAKE HANDS WITH FATE.

'Tis a sad old world, and a bad old world;
It is scarce worth while at all.
Its sorrows cling and its friendships sting,
And even its joys will pall.
But dear is life, for all its strife,
And love is better than hate;
You'll find a grace in the surliest face,
If you just shake hands with fate.

With light in your glance and right in your glance,
And your lips in a curve to the sky;
A spring in your walk and a ring in your talk,
Sure, hope will not pass you by.
The path that you will winds over a hill,
But it leads to an open gate;
So trill you a song to lure love along,
And just shake hands with fate.



THE HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL

EDITED BY THE CLASS OF 1905

EDITOR. - - - RAY LAWRENCE
ASSOCIATE EDITOR, ALICE TALCOTT

BUSINESS MANAGER, - - - GEORGE McNAY
CLASS PRESIDENT, - - - RAY LAWRENCE
SECRETARY AND TREASURER, - - - KATE LEDERER

As the school year once more draws to a close, we realize that we are leaving behind us the happiest days of our lives and that time once lost is never regained. We realize the duties that await us, and when we look back over our happy school days, wishing that those precious moments once spent together might only be returned to us, we desire to leave as a final token of remembrance with our class-mates and teachers an Annual that will never be set aside.

And when we enter upon life's journey, we feel that we may safely say that after four full years of instructive work, we are partially prepared to realize what is contained in the sphere of life which lies beyond us. And when we shall have attained this aim, may we arise to a full comprehension of our motto: "Qualis Vita, qualis Ita" (As we spend life, so we end it.)

THE HIGH SCHOOL ALUMNI.

Including the class of '05, there have graduated from the Valparaiso High School three hundred and thirty-five young men and women. Of these twenty-three are dead and many have moved to other cities, but a large number still live

in Valparaiso or its vicinity, whom the annual banquet brings together year after year to talk over the good times associated with the old V. H. S.

This year's banquet promises to be of unusual interest. Prof. and Mrs. Banta have planned to attend both the Commencement and Alumni Reunion, and many of the older members from a distance are expected. Twenty-two of the thirty-three classes who claim the High School as their Alma Mater, were graduated during Prof. Banta's superintendency, and every class since that time down to the seniors of '05, who were in the primary department when he finished his work here, have been identified in some way with his school administration. Preparations are being made to entertain three hundred guests in the gymnasium and manual training rooms, which are to be transformed for the occasion into reception and banquet halls.

Invitations have been issued to every member of the Alumni whom the committee have been able to reach and they expect to make this banquet the brightest, happiest and most thoroughly enjoyable event of Commencement Week.

"HELLO! WHO IS THIS?"

This heading suggests a telephone conversation. It suggests to some the fact that many of us do not talk over a 'phone as we should if in the presence of the other party.

Suppose one wanted to find my house on North Franklin street, would he begin at the first house above the new High School building and ring the door bells, and ask those who answered the rings "Who are you?" On the contrary, he

would inquire as to the location of my house, find it, ring the bell and inquire of the one answering if I lived there. If he happened to ring at the wrong house he would not ask "Who is this?" but he would ask for me and when informed that I did not live there, beg pardon and ask to be directed to my house. Is there any reason why he should change this polite way when he is trying to get communication by telephone?

Suppose he was hunting a man said to be on the street, would he accost every man he met and ask "Who are you?" and if he did not give the name he wanted, say he didn't want him and go for the next one he met in the same way? Not one of us would do that. If he should be so impudent and impolite, the chances are that before he had gone a block some gentleman would kick him or give him a bloody nose, as he deserved, or have him arrested pending an inquiry of lunacy. The way all of us would do: We would make an inquiry and, if in doubt, we would ask if the person we addressed was the one we wanted, and not ask "Who are you?"

Some of us forget all about this when we go to a telephone. We ring as if there was both a fire and a riot on in our dooryards. If we are not instantly answered we get nervous and speak angrily or impudently to Central. We hear a "Hello!" whereupon we yell "Who is this?" Our answer might be "Bartholomew," then we, in a louder voice, ask "What Bartholomew?" Our answer comes "Lawyer Bartholomew," and still louder we ask "Which Lawyer Bartholomew?" all because we had not the politeness in the first place to ask if the person addressed was the Mr. Bartholomew we wanted.

But this is sufficient for illustration.

How should a conversation be carried on by telephone?

As kindly, considerately and as politely as if the parties were face to face. No one of us would ask "Who is this?" If we should do so we ought not to expect a better answer than "Who do you think it is?" or "Guess!"

An example:

Central—"What number?"

W.—"592, please."

(A hello.)

W.—"Is this The Best?"

Ans.—"It is."

W.—"May I speak to Miss Stoddard?"

Another:

"Is this Mr. Gollightly's residence?"

Ans.—"Yes, sir."

W.—"Will Miss Gwendolyn favor me by coming to the phone?"

(A soft hello.)

W.—"My dear Miss Gwendolyn, I have been exceedingly unhappy ever since I left you last night. I feel that the language I used to tell you of my love for you did not begin to give you its height, depth and breadth, and I want to unburden my *****"

In the interest of good manners and of polite and pleasant telephone intercourse, let us bar the impudent and impolite

"WHO IS THIS?"





THE NEW CENTRAL SCHOOL BUILDING.

DESCRIPTION OF NEW CENTRAL SCHOOL.

The Valparaiso City High School is a building of which the people may well be proud. The civil city being bonded to the limit, the state legislature passed a law that the school city might, by the vote of the people, permit the school board to issue bonds for the construction of necessary buildings. Two years ago our board complied with this law, and bonds to the amount of \$44,988 were issued for this purpose.

We now have a building consisting of twenty-three rooms to be used for school purposes. The basement is built of concrete and Joliet stone. The main part is the best quality of pressed brick. A tile roof adds much to the architectural appearance as well as to the durability of the building.

The high school occupies the entire second floor which consists of an assembly room with a seating capacity for two hundred and twenty-five pupils. This room is finished in Dutch bronze which appeals at once to the artistic eye. On this floor are rooms for each of the following departments: Science, Mathematics; Latin, English, German, History and Typewriting. The library and superintendent's office are also here. The rooms open into large hallways at the end of which are the toilet rooms.

The first floor consists of ten well lighted recitation rooms opening into spacious halls. In these halls are located the open cloak rooms. The seventh and eighth grade departmental work is located here occupying five of the largest rooms.

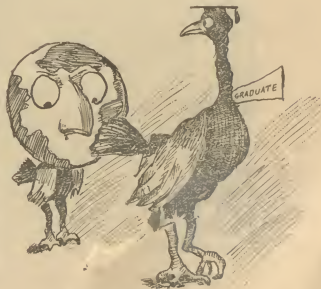
The basement is well lighted. In consists of Kindergarten, Teachers' club room, Chemical Laboratory, and two rooms, each ninety by thirty to be used for boys' and girls' gymnasium, manual training and domestic science.

The building is heated by steam, and it is ventilated by indirect radiation which has proven very satisfactory.

The school board should be commended for making some necessary changes in the material even though it cost a little more realizing as they did that the building would

stand as a monument to the people for many years. School men and architects have pronounced it one of the best constructed and best arranged school buildings in the state of Indiana.

Nothing more need be said. The building stands ready for inspection from basement to garret.





THE OLD CENTRAL SCHOOL BUILDING.

IN MEMORIAM
to
Old Mr. V. H. S. Building
who departed from
our midst in the fall
of 1902.

Who's left to mourn for him?



HAMLET DOWN-TO-DATE.



ALL ABOARD FOR HOBART.

ATHLETICS.

Through the timely efforts of the faculty the V. H. S. has taken on a "Modern Reformation." The effect has been prominent in the Oratorical field and still more noticeable in Athletics.

It was a cluster of anxious countenances that assembled one evening to the call of our superintendent, supposedly for the purpose of receiving a serious lecture on moral con-



duct. Great was the mingled joy and consternation of the boys when the good secret, that Mr. Hughart held, was revealed. It was indeed an interesting one, as it especially appealed to the wishes of the entire assembly.

A Track Team was the subject for discussion. Could we be the organizers of such a delightful and beneficial sport? Could we contest on the field of battle the efficiently trained high schools of Porter county and keep up the level of Valpos sports? A hasty decision might be later termed as a blunder, so it was thought expedient that the decision should be postponed for deliberation. The ensuing night the question was brought to a vote. What was the result? Was there anyone so rash as to manifest a "nay?" If there was, his voice must have been cracked and the support of the good cause may be termed unanimous. "Track Team" was the topic for discussion on the street corners for a few days. The trend of thought in every conversation could be traced to the above named sport. The team was yet to organize. Who were to be its officers? At a later meeting it was decided that Gordon Durand should assume the responsibility as captain and Wood Wilson should serve conjointly as secretary and treasurer.

Now came the difficulty. Cash was to be raised. Were we to look abroad? No, a uniform tax was placed on all the boys, with which to purchase our implements of warfare. We now retreated to the fair grounds and were enshrouded in deep mystery for a short time.

After about a week's crude practice, our condition was certainly critical. No definite end was looked to. Enthusiasm was lacking.

A business meeting was called and a private council was held. What could we do to stimulate the actions of the team? It was at this meeting that the most potent factor in our early history expressed his sympathy with our work.

ATHLETICS—(Continued.)

It was in the person of Mr. Skinkle. Henceforward our hearts beat faster and our work increased proportionately. A scientific basis was assumed on which to plan our future work. A dual meet was planned with one of the neighboring towns, later to be known as Hobart.

We, green as we were, determined to meet Hobart and get a worldly view of what a track team was and what it was expected to accomplish. One gloomy day we boarded a Pennsylvania train with a group of enthusiasts, mainly boys, and arrived safely in Hobart, Ind., only to meet a signal defeat. However, it was not with our eyes shut, for the knowledge and enthusiasm it aroused left us far from discouraged.

Among the many things on which we may congratulate ourselves with pride, we place first in rank the incomparable enthusiastic support of the feminine portion of our High School. The girls have always boasted that they the defeat that would otherwise have been unbearable. were proud to second us with their cheers, whether we contested on the platform, diamond, gridiron or the track. The fellows have graciously said that it was the smiles of "their lady friends" that had inspired them to win their many victories.

Especially was this true at Hobart, where a large delegation inspired our boys to partially overcome the impossible, for their womanly sympathies took away the sting of the defeat that would otherwise have been unbearable. Why, the delegation actually numbered five of the upper classmates? No, they were all from the Freshman class that supported and consoled them in their race for fame and honors.

Again we say that with the support of our girls we can do anything and we heartily thank them for the disinterested efforts in our behalf and in the interest of our and their glorious High School.

HIGH SCHOOL CLUB NOTES.

THE BRIDGETS.

The Valparaiso High School, unlike the city in which it is situated, is not blessed with many clubs and societies, but it can be safely said that what is lacking in quantity is made up in quality.

Early last fall six of the V. H. S. girls decided that life in Valparaiso was becoming decidedly dull; so, for diversion, they formed a cooking club and appropriately called themselves "The Bridgets."

It was then decided that they meet every two weeks on Saturday night, to partake of a six o'clock dinner, for which each member was to prepare one dish. Much merriment and fun ensued at the meetings of this club during the next few months, when one day they awoke to the fact that something was lacking and the fertile brain of the "Chief Cook and Consumer of Fruit Jelly" solved the problem—there were two "forgotten but not gone" people who were necessary to the existence of the society. Knowing that it is never too late to mend, they invited these two fair damsels to belong, and they, consenting, took the formal oath "I do solemnly swear that whatever I contribute to the Bridget suppers will be cooked for the Bridgets by a Bridget."

On March 31 these young ladies pleasantly entertained

about seventy of the young set of Valparaiso at a dance, given at the K. of P. hall, showing that their ability for entertaining is as great as that for cooking.

Truly the Bridgets have made themselves felt in the V. H. S. during the past year. "A Bridget Supper" 'is a common phrase on the lips of the V. H. S. ladies and many a soft serenade has been poured forth under the window from the lips of a hungry O. M. S. in the hope of obtaining a delicate morsel. As yet, there has been none of the opposite sex fortunate enough to sit down to one of those delicious repasts, which are said to be "for members only;" I. e., Grace Leonard, Nellie Brooke, Florence Lytle, Amadel Kellogg, Verna Duggan, Jane Dalrymple, Martha Finney and Kate Swartout.

"Here's to the jolly Bridget girls,
Here's to the girls that cook,
Here's to the girls that laugh and smile
And never use one cook book.
Here's to the boys who help them out,
Also that help them eat (?)
Here's to the day they always meet,
The very last of the week."

O. M. S.

Last fall several of the boys in the High School were struck with a brilliant thought. For some time the idea of having a club had been gaining favor, so the aforesaid High School boys, with a few more, decided to form a High School club.

After much discussion as to whether it should be a secret society or simply a "club," the boys decided to organize a club which should have for its motto "Eat, drink and be merry."

As some of the members wished to have something secret about the affair, it was decided to withhold the full name from the general public and let only the initial letters be known.

Accordingly when it became known that a new club had been organized, called the O. M. S., each and every one in the High School immediately declared that they knew what O. M. S. meant. The O. M. S. boys have been greatly amused at the conjectures, which were everything, from "Oh, My Sakes" to "Old Maids' Society." The poor innocents may be somewhat excused for inferring the latter, though.

The O. M. S. boys wished that their meetings should be strictly "stag," but that the girls might not be entirely excluded it was decided to give each member a "feminine appellation." The following characteristic names were adopted: Ray Marine—"Maria." (We all know his propensity for knitting and sassafras tea.)

John Earle—the blushing, the coy—"Phoebe."

Hiram Miller—whose very appearance brings up memories of husking bees—"Mirandy."

DeForest Evans—on account of his angelic smile and sweet disposition—"Eva."

Lee Harrington—"Hattie Belle." Tut, tut, keep quiet!

Gene Eaton—"Jane." He always intended to be a missionary.

Byron Smith—when you think of his stylish appearance, what would you call him but—"Samanthy."

Harold Harrison—We call him "Cecilia" on account of his saintly and musical nature.

Guy Carr—the gushing—"Carry."

Dee Longshore—his failing for "——"—"Polka Dot."

Cleve Stalbaum—"Cleopatra." "It was I who captivated Antony."

Nell Arvin—"Nanny." What an appropriate name for a gossip.

The O. M. S. has proven to be an ideal means for furnishing good times, not only for its members, but for others. The boys have met every two weeks since last October, for all kinds of fun—from all-night sessions in bakeshops to receptions.

It is the hope of all the members that the club may hold together for many years to come and, from present indications, we think it will.

"They met by chance,
 They had never met before;
 They only met that once,
 And she was smitten sore.
 They never met again—
 Don't want to, I avow;
 They only met that once—
 A freight train and a cow."

Zada has a new pair of green slippers, which she wears occasionally.

Lost, Strayed or Stolen—One Floyd Sieb. Finder, please return to Senior Class.

If you have any hide or skin, get highest cash price by taking them to Lippman, West Main Street.

George McNay has a new pair of tan shoes.

The Class of '05 will graduate May 26.

WILL.

We, the class of Naughty Five, of the Valparaiso High School, in the County of Porter, and State of Indiana, with an average age of nineteen years (?) being entirely sane, despite the crashes resulting from some immortals slipping on a thunder peal in the unknown regions in the vicinity of the sky-light and about to end our mortal existence as a class, do make this, our last Will and Testament, and declare all previous wills null and void.

Item 1.—We do hereby nominate and appoint Floyd Sieb and William Schumacker to be executors of this, our last Will and Testament.

Item 2.—We give to the Freshies our automobile, guaranteed to carry anyone through Caesar, Cicero and Virgil at an A B C D rate.

Item 3.—We give to the Juniors our Trigonometrys, including tables of trigonometric, logarithmic and natural functions; also including much hard work.

Item 4.—We would give our back seats to the Juniors, but they already have them.

Item 5.—We also bequeath to them our physics laboratory, well supplied with apparatus, which, it is said, is very expensive, its estimated value reaching as high as \$7.30.

Item 6.—We give and devise to the Freshies and Sophomores the gridiron and all bones and buttons that lie thereon.

Item 7.—As we die leaving no debts, we give our purses to the O. M. S. for yelling for us at the final oratorical contest.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we have hereunto set our hands and seals.

CLASS OF '05.

CLASS HISTORY.
Cleve Stalbaum.

'Twas a warm day in September, four years ago. A crowd of H. S. boys and girls thronged around the old Central School building as the bell announced that vacation was over and that school had begun again. At the south door the Freshman Loys were being initiated by those of higher degree, into that noble order, the V. H. S. For this ordeal the number of boys was not so great as that of the girls, who outnumbered them two to one.

This, then, was the Senior class of to-day, or rather, the Senior class of to-day is the remains of those sixty beings who bore the name of "Freshies."

The history of this class through the next two years was only a struggle, hard but uneventful, and in those two years more than two-thirds dropped from the ranks.

The next year the scene of the struggle was changed. The old building was torn down to make way for a larger, better, more magnificent structure. The entire High School was installed in cramped quarters above what is now the post office. This had its drawbacks, but the Junior class went on in its old unassuming way.

The next year they found themselves addressed as Seniors, and to add to their dignity, class pins were purchased, the finest yet obtained by any class (at least in price). But, alas! what a sight! Less than a dozen remained to share this dignity or end the fight.

Their position called forth a challenge to a debate from the ambitious, honor-seeking Juniors. Too proud to surrender without a fight, they accepted; but were defeated on the question: "Resolved, That the Chinese should be admitted to American citizenship." The Senior trio took the affirmative side and the best chance for defeat.

Not daunted by their defeat, they decided to try their oratorical power and succeeded in sending four out of six candidates to the second contest, which marked the dedication of the new High School building. But defeat again awaited them.

This was soon forgotten amid their new surroundings. For the next week they left their old quarters, not without sighs of regret, and entered the new building. At first they could not speak distinctly on account of the echoes. Nor could they breathe without odors of varnish or smoke, but these difficulties soon passed away and they settled down to the completion of their work as the first class to graduate from the New Central building.

PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

PAST	PRESENT	FUTURE
Ada Roessler, Dutch, Blonde	Amateur Elocutionist	Club Woman
Martha Bentley, A Good Little Girl	A Good Little Girl	Change of Name
George McNay, Plumber	Hustling Business Manager	Henpecked husband
Bessie Clifford, Not Recorded	Actress	Typewriter
Kacld Lawrence, Studious	Studious	Studious
Cleve Stalbaum, Farmer	Sprawler	Farming at home.
Kate Lederer, H. S. Belle	Swell Dancer	Librarian
Zada Carr, University of Chicago	Dove, a Dear Little Bird	Dutiful Wife
Ray Lawrence, Born Silent	Still Silent	Died Silent
Alice Talcott, Brilliant Latin Student	Just "Alice"	School Teacher

JUST FOR FUN.

"Beware of Boston, for fear of being canned."—Fabing.

"I'll stay with patience; but the time is long."—Adelbert Burns.

"Look! He is winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will strike."—Gordon Durand.

"He stood on the bridge at midnight,
Interrupting my sweet repose;
For he was a tall mosquito,
And the bridge was the bridge of my nose."

Tho' modest, on his classic brow Nature had written
"Gentleman!"—Neil Arvin.

"Are you Hungary?"
"Yes, Siam."
"Well, come along; I'll Figi."

Contact between two unlike bodies produces a charge of electricity. That is why people get such a shock when they fall on the ice.

"Speech is silver, but silence is golden."—Mary Comrick.

Freshie—"What part of the body is the 'Scrimmage?' "
Teacher—"The wha-a-at?"

Freshie—"I saw in the account of the football game that one of the boys got hurt in the 'Scrimmage.' "

Said Chester Philander Strong:

"I've had me frock cut very long;
I wear it buttoned on the street—
It costs me more that way, perchance,
But then it saves me buying pants."

—Cornell Widow.

As two ladies were passing the school house, one remarked: "This building looks like an insane asylum." The other replied: "It is a home for the feeble-minded."

"Hear me a little, for I have been silent so long."—LeRoy Morrison.

Agents to handle the spice of life.
A detective to unvell a grass plot.
An audience to see a horse fly.
A wag from the "Tale of Two Cities."
A nurse to rock the cradle of the deep.
A collar for the neck of the woods.
A wife for Father Time.
A cobbler to fit shoes on poetic feet.

—Ray Marine.

Definitions of la Bill Shakespeare:
Freshman—Comedy of Errors.
Sophomores—Much Ado About Nothing.
Junior—As You Like It.
Senior—All's Well That Ends Well.

"Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you."—George McNay.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE OF THE CLASS OF '05.

When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for the pupils of a school to dissolve the bands that connect them with their principal, and to assume among the people of the earth the free and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect for the opinions of said principal demands that they shall declare the causes that impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident—that principals and pupils are created equal; that the latter are endowed with certain inalienable rights, and among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of no lessons; and, whenever any form of school becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the pupils to alter or abolish it, instituting a new school, laying its foundations on such principles and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to secure their diploma.

Prudence, indeed, would dictate that customs long established should not be altered for light and transient cause; and, accordingly, all experience hath shown that Seniors are disposed to suffer—while evils are sufferable rather than to right themselves by adopting the former custom of retaining the back seats. But, when a long train of cramming and examinations pursues but one object, and that the establishment of a graduating class, it is the right of this class, it is their duty, to throw off such forms of school and provide new guards for their future greatness.

Such has been the patient sufferance of this class, and such is now the sad necessity which constrains them to sever their former relations with the school. The history

of the management of the Valparaiso High School has been a history of repeated tests and examinations, having as a direct object, the forming of a brilliant senior class and to prove this let facts be submitted to a candid world.

The principal has refused us the right to whisper, making violation thereof punishable with "standing up in the isle."

Prof. Miller has endeavored to compel us to pick up bricks with a magnet.

Prof. Skinkle has requested his Trigonometry class to prove the law of signs (sines).

Miss Benny has asked her Virgil class to tell which was the more interesting to them: To witness the love scene of Dido and Aeneas or the games held by Aeneas in celebration of his father's death—although we had witnessed neither.

We, therefore, the members of the Senior class, in general school room assembled, do, in the name and by the authority of the members of the class, state that this class is, and of right ought to be, free and independent; that in future they shall have full right to go to school, stay at home, do their lessons or not, with other privileges which independent graduates enjoy. And, in support of this declaration, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our chances of honorable graduation and our sacred excellence in deportment.

Signed on the 26th day of May, 1905.

THE SENIOR CLASS.

Miss MacQuilkin—"And now, Cleve, where was the Declaration of Independence signed?"
Cleve—"At de bottom."

CLASS OF 1905



ZADA CARR
KACID LAWRENCE

GEORGE MCNAY
MARTHA BENTLEY

BESSIE CLIFFORD
RAY LAWRENCE

ALICE TALCOTT
KATHRYN LEDERER

CLEVE STALBAUM

ADA ROESSLER
MARY CONRICK

F. P. DUNNE "MR. DOOLEY" ON EXPERT TESTIMONY.

"Annything new?" said Mr. Hennessy, who had been waiting patiently for Mr. Dooley to put down his newspaper.

"I've been r-readin' th' tistimony iv th' Lootgert case," said Mr. Dooley.

"What d'ye think iv it?"

"I think so," said Mr. Dooley.

"Think what?"

"How do I know?" said Mr. Dooley. "How do I know what I think? I'm no combi-nation iv chemist, doctor, osteologist, poisman, an' sausage-maker, that I can give ye an opinion right off th' bat. A man needs to be all iv thim things to detarmine annything about a murdher trile in these days. This shows how intillegent our methods is, as Hogan says. A large German man is charged with puttin' his wife away into a breakfus-dish, an' he says he didn't do it. Th' question, thin, is: Did or did not Alphonse Lootgert stick Mrs. L into a vat, an' rayloose her to a quick lunch? Am I right?"

"Ye ar-re," said Mr. Hennessy.

"That's simple enough. What th' Court ought to've done was to call him up, an' say: 'Lootgert, where's ye'er good woman?' If Lootgert cudden't tell, he ought to be hanged on gin'ral principles; f'r a man must kepp his wife around th' house, an' whin she isn't there it shows he's a poor provider. But, if Lootgert says, 'I don't know where me wife is,' the Court shud say: 'Go out an' find her. If ye can't proloose her in a week, I'll fix ye.' An' let that be th' end iv it.

"But what do they do? They get Lootgert into court an' stand him up befure a gang iv young rayporthers an' th'

likes iv thim to make pitchers iv him. Thin they summon a jury composed iv poor, tired, sleepy expressmen an' tailors an' clerks. Thin they call in a professor from a college. 'Professor,' says th' lawyer f'r th' State, 'I put it to ye if a wooden vat three hudder an' sixty feet iong, twenty-eight feet deep, an' sivilty-five feet wide, an' if three hudder pounds iv caustic sode boiled, an' if the leg iv a guinea pig, an' ye said yestherday about bi-carbonate iv sode, an' if it washes up an' washes over, an' th' slimy, slippery stuff, an' if a false tooth or a lock iv hair or a gawbone or a golf ball across th' cellar eleven feet nine inches—that is, two inches this way an' five gallons that?' 'I agree with ye intirely,' says th' professor. 'I made laboratory experiments in an' ir'n basin, with bi-chloride iv gool, which I will call soup-stock, an' coal tar, which I will call ir'n flings. I mixed th' two over a hot fire, an' left in a cool place to haruen. I thin packed it in ice, which I will call glue, an' rock-salt, which I will call fried eggs, an' obtained a dark, queer solution that is a cure f'r freckles, which I will call antimony or doughnuts or annything I blamed please.'

"'But,' says th' lawyer f'r th' State, 'measurin' th' vat with gas—an' I lave it to ye whether this is not th' on'y fair test—an' supposin' that two feet acrost is akei to tin feet sideways, an' supposin' that a thick green an' hard substance, an' I daresay it wud; an' supposin' you may, takin' into account th' measurements—twelve by eight—th' vat bein' wound with twine six inches fr'm th' handle an' a rub iv th' green, thin ar'e not human teeth often found in country sausage?' 'In th' winter,' says th' professor. 'But th' sisymold bone is sometimes seen in th' fut, sometimes worn as a watch-charm. I took two sisymold bones, which I will call poker dice, an' shook thim together in a cylinder,

which I will call Fido, poored in a can iv milk, which I will call gum arabic, took two pounds iv rough-on-rats, which I rayfuse to call; but th' raysult is th' same.' Question be th' Court: 'Different?' Answer: 'Yis.' Th' Court: 'Th' same.' Be Misther McEwen: 'Whose bones?' Answer: 'Yis.' Be Misther Vincent: 'Will ye go to th' divvle?' Answer: 'It dissolves th' hair.'

"Now, what I want to know is where th' jury gets off. What has that collection iv pure-minded pathrites to larn fr'm this here polite discussion, where no wan is so crool as to ask what anny wan else means? Thank th' Lord, whin th' case is all over, th' jury'll pitch th' tistimony out iv th' window, an' consider three questions: 'Did Lootgert look as though he'd kill his wife? Did his wife look as though she ought to be kilt? Isn't it time we wint to supper?' An', howiver they answer, they'll be right, an' it'll make little diff'rence wan way or th' other. Th' German vote is too large an' ignorant, annyhow."

THE TRIALS OF AN EDITOR.

At the table in his sanctum
Sat the editor-in-chief.
And his face looked drawn and haggard;
He wore signs of recent grief.
There were only two more hours,
Ere the paper went to press,
And his brain was in a muddle,
And his manuscript a mess.
Of copy he had just enough
To fill up half the space;
So you'll see he had good reason
For such a mournful face.

Had developed every plot he knew,
In stores quite romantic;
And displayed his erudition
In editorials pedantic.

He had read and read exchanges,
Full of articles inane;
Published poem after poem,
Till he almost went insane.

From epic down to jingle,
And in every kind of verse,
It was handed in the bunches,
Till it made him want to curse.

Every would-be doggerel writer
Tried to do his little stunt;
And our dear, good-nearted editor
Had to bear of it the brunt.

The lamp was getting lower;
With a splutter and a flare,
It went out, and left the editor
A-slumbering in his chair.
Execrating would-be poets,

At last he'd gone to sleep,
And dreamed he was in Heaven,
There his just reward to reap.

He was set upon a pedestal
Of onyx, pure and white,
Where a poem ne'er could reach him,
And where everything looked bright.
For no matter what your life may be,

They never count your sin
If you've held the job of editor—
'Tis enough to let you in.

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